

THE CARMELITE

AUGUST 14, 1929

FIVE CENTS

VASIA ANIKEEF . . BARITONE



linoleum cut by Virginia Tooker

CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA
CALIFORNIA
VOLUME II
NUMBER 27

COWELL . . ANIKEEF

Today, Wednesday the fourteenth, in the Wednesday morning recital series at La Ribera, Henry Cowell playing his own piano compositions, and telling tales of recent musical adventure in Russia.



On next Wednesday the twenty-first, Vasia Anikeef, Russian baritone of profound resonances, will sing, with the incomparable Emanuel Balaban at the piano, the following program of *Lieder*:

- I. Seven Russian Folk Songs
- II. Schubert-Der Ring an Meinen Finger
Schumann-Aufenthalt
Brahms-Auf dem Kirchhofe
Schubert-Gruppe aus dem Tartarus
- III. Rachmaninoff-Gruzian Song
Moussorgsky-The Tomb
Tchaikowsky-The Pilgrim Song
Moussorgsky-Hopak

PAGEANT

The year's Serra Pageant, commemorating Fra Junipero, father of the missions, and founder of the Mission San Carlos de Borromeo del Carmelo, begins officially on Thursday of this week, and continues through Sunday, when the yearly float procession will wind its way again over the historic hill from Monterey to the mission.

Arthur Cyril directs the pageant, with Francis Hickson in the role of Junipero Serra, and the following assisting:

Dr. Martin McAulay	Executive Com.
Emmet G. McMenamin	Publicity and Advertising
W. J. Crabbe	Parade
Jack Steward	Mojiganga
C. W. Allaire	Decorating
Dr. Hollingsworth	Music and Singing
John Pavilla	Dancing
L. M. Cosmey	Director of Orchestra

STRAUSS AND GRIFFIN

The program of the second concert of the Wednesday morning series sponsored by Mrs. Marie Gordon was shared by Lawrence Strauss, tenor, and Harold Griffin, pianist. A large and intent audience was present, and in spite of the cacophonous tickings of an ill-behaved typewriter and the outbursts of chairs craving to be occupied for lunch, the artists bravely gave of their best. Now for the program.

To interpret the German Lied a singer must have at his control various resources.

He must, most naturally, possess a voice which unconsciously serves him as a means to an end; be absolutely free from the trammels of voice production and voice technic in general. Intelligent must he be, with intelligence to create moods, strict adherence to the text and the meaning there involved; and beside this, a marked creative fantasy and a feeling for color,—all of which and more is interpretation.

Mr. Strauss in his Brahms showed that he possesses most of these attributes. Being intelligent, he is a *rara avis* among singers. His voice is a limited one; what he lacks in "Klang" is made up for by a discreet use of the proper vowels, and by his excellent diction. I should disagree with Mr. Strauss's treatment of "Botschaft." The tempo is marked *gracioso*; his was not a *gracioso* treatment.

The second group of songs, in English, had the virtue of being short. They were effective; but it was the effectiveness of gazing at a Watteau after having been absorbed by the profundity of Rembrandt. Mr. Strauss did these songs more than justice.

It is a great solace to be in Carmel, that oasis of soul-thirsty America. It is a pleasure to see a young man like Griffin striving to say beautiful things, in striking contrast to American youth in general. Harold Griffin is young, and so is his Bach. The Bach Chaconne is the most exalted example of variations on a theme ever written. The architecture of the Chaconne is like an immense Gothic cathedral; solid, uniform, noble, and spiritual. Young Griffin's interpretation was not architectonic; it was not clear in outline. This is excusable. The Chaconne is for the expression of a mature mind, a mature soul. With the time and given the opportunity to develop his gifts, Griffin will do much.

The "Reflets dans l'Eau" of Debussy was much more fortunate. Here Griffin splashed colors on his palette, and his own image was reflected in the water. Perhaps the impressionistic school is his forte.

I should like to say in closing how grateful I am to be among so many moving spirits in Carmel. If America is to have a place in the sun artistically, Carmel will not be "the still small voice."

—E. Balaban.

NOT A SPARROW
FALLETH

On the first Wednesday of the month, the City Council met in the city of Carmel-by-the-Sea, and announced itself ready to examine the bids filed with the city clerk for a gas franchise.

The franchise was awarded to the one and only bidder, the Pacific Gas and Electric Company, for the sum of one hundred dollars in gold coin of the realm, plus two per cent of the profits annually after the first five years.

From now on, up come the streets, and down go the mains, while the Department of Streets looks on with a supervisory eye, tenderly protecting the trees and "tree-shrubs," as the franchise reads, from even so much as hint or threat of injury.

GOING TO JERUSALEM

Indignation has been the response of the community to the appointment by County Superintendent of Schools Force of Howard Severance to the position left vacant upon the High School Board by the resignation of Dr. Sandholt.

Dr. Sandholt resigned in protest. The new appointment is proof of the validity of his reasons. The major motivations of the incumbent High School Board are political, not educational.

Mr. Force had an opportunity to appoint to this office a trustee whose presence in the county is fortuitous for educational advance,—Mrs. Hester Schoeninger. It is rarely that a person so well equipped is at hand and willing to serve. Mrs. Schoeninger has made an intent study of education and modern educational advance. Her best energies in the last years have been given to schools; and the Sunset School in Carmel has markedly developed since her arrival on the School Board here.

Why did Superintendent Force ignore this opportunity? Why did he quickly, and it is even said surreptitiously, appoint a man less fit for this important and special task, all too long bungled by individuals without effective understanding of how to bring about a creditable high school?

Graves was to resign from the principalship of the High School if the suit underway against him intending dismissal of the man for incompetence should be withdrawn, and if the newspapers also should "lay off." The Monterey "Herald," the "Pine Cone," and The Carmelite, did lay off.

But Graves has mysteriously changed his mind. And why not? While we were naively remaining silent, his political machine was building up.

Howard Severance, Force's new appointee to the Board, is a staunch supporter of Graves.

This provides for us the measure of the man who superintends the schools of the county.

The wheels within wheels of the political machine grind shrilly. In the game of "Going to Jerusalem" as we play it in Monterey County, it is the true educators who are sent from the game,—the politicians cop the chairs.

CHAMPIONS

Seven former national amateur golf champions will vie with the present champion, Bobby Jones, and 154 potential champions in the 1929 national amateur golf championship in Pebble Beach, California, September 2-7.

Of the 162 entrants in the first national golf event to be staged on the Pacific Coast, eight have won championship laurels at one time or another.

Bobby Jones, besides winning the amateur title in 1928, has been titlist in 1924, 1925 and 1927. He was runner-up in 1919 and 1926.

W. C. Fownes, Jr., won honors in 1910 and Francis Ouimet in 1924. Ouimet was runner-up in 1920.

Charles "Chick" Evans has played in the final almost as many times as Jones. He wore the amateur crown two years, in 1916 and 1920, and was runner-up in 1912, 1922 and 1927.

Jesse Guilford was champion in 1921 and Jesse Sweetser in 1922. Sweetser was runner-up in 1923.

George Von Elm broke Jones' string of victories in 1926. If Von Elm had not defeated Jones at Baltusrol that year Bobby could boast five consecutive national amateur golf championships. Von Elm was runner-up in 1924.

Chandler Egan, the man who has played in more amateur golf championships than any other entrant, was champion in 1904 and 1905. He was runner-up in 1909.

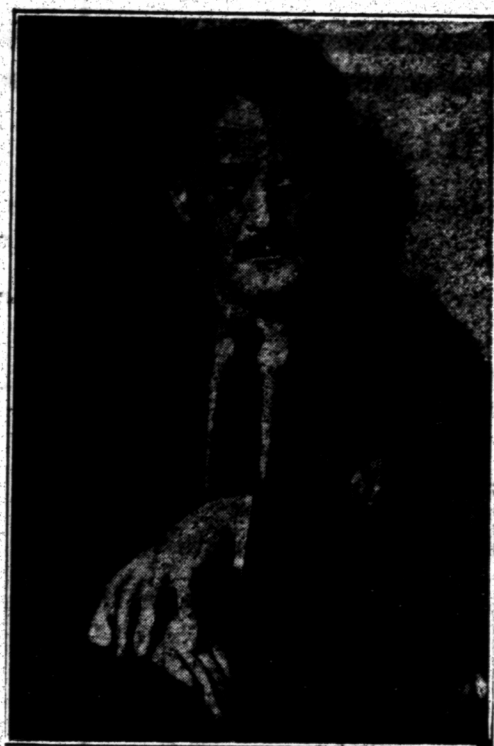
NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT

La Ribera's Steinway is now David Alberto's. Joseph Hartley bought it and left his check; came for his new possession; and it was not! A second buyer had got there first.

Let the summer concert audience remain unperturbed however.

Learning of this withdrawal of a sine qua non, Marie Gordon scurried about effectively. There is another Steinway in the drawing room of La Ribera for the use of the artists of the Wednesday morning series.

BUHLIG IMMINENT



August 19 Monday 8:15 Talk on Objective Aspect of Music
Studio of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Dickinson on the Point

William Byrd (1542-1623)	"John, come kiss me now"
Purcell (1658-1695)	Ground
Rameau (1683-1764)	Les tendres plaintes La poule
Handel (1685-1759)	Allemande, Courante, Gigue From Suite in F Minor
Bach (1685-1750)	Fantasy in C Minor Prelude and fugue in B flat minor Toccata in D Major

August 22 Thursday 8:15 Talk on Subjective Aspect of Music
Studio of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sumner Greene, Lincoln and 13th

Haydn	Andante with variations
Beethoven	Sonata, Op. 106 (Hammerklav. r)

August 26 Monday 8:15 Talk on Contemporary Music: Its growth
from the music of the past and its significance as an expression of
our time.

Studio of Denny and Watrous, North Dolores Between 1st and 2nd

Cesar Franck	Prelude, chorale and fugue
Debussy	La soiree dans Grenade
Scriabin	Five Preludes, Op. 74
Bartok	Roumanian Dance
Schoenberg	Six little pieces, Op. 19
Hindemith	Introduction and Song from Op. 37
Henry Cowell	Marked Passages
Bach	Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue

On Monday of the coming week begins
the series of three recitals by Richard
Buhlig, with the following brilliant pro-
gram:

Lincoln Steffens thus reports the recent
journey eastward by train to Chicago of
two small boys, aged five and seven re-
spectively, whom he accompanied patern-
ally part way:

"Pete led. He took Mark with him for
a thorough investigation, first, of the
train. I followed at a distance. Pete
showed Mark the berths, where you slept.
Mark said he knew that. Pete explained
how the beds were made; showed how
the cars were hitched together; how the
bell-rope worked and where you dined,
and washed up. All, all that.

"Which Mark said he knew.

"Then there was the back platform, where
we lived most of the time. . . . Pete ex-
plained the tracks and the switches, the
telegraph wires and the ties and the
water tanks and the signals and the pass-
ing trains.

"But I know all that," said Mark pathet-
ically and so often, that finally, toward the
end of the second long day of learning,
when Mark lifted his voice and wailed,
'But Pete, I know that,' Pete looked at
him, looked at the tracks, and said: 'Well
then, why don't you show me?'"

NO INFERIORITY COMPLEX

Vladimir was three when his father took
him on the long long journey from Phil-
adelphia to New York.

During the journey he met another youth
of equal years.

"Where do you live?" inquired the youth,
in the preliminary skirmish of acquaint-
ance-making.

"I live in Rose Valley," answered Vlad-
imir, and politely returned the compliment,
"Where do you live?"

"I won't tell."

"Well," came the reply of the intrepid
and undaunted, "I don't care where you
live. I've been there anyway."



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COMPOSER
PIANISTGRIFFIN
PIANIST

Personal Bits . . .

The arrival of Henry Cowell and of Richard Buhlig in Carmel this week adds brilliance to musical constellations already dazzling in the firmament of the summer. Luboshutz, Rudhyar, Balaban, Anikeeff, Newcomb, Griffin! Denny, Weisshaus, Michelson; and to these, Cowell, Buhlig. This is much.

Audience and performing artist of equal calibre,—hearers worthy of the thing heard and able to experience it to the full.

Among notable visitors of the week-end was Dr. Carol Aronovici, guest of Mrs. Marie Gordon at her home on San Antonio. One of the most interesting recent tasks of this distinguished planner of cities, is the "unique" undertaking in Perris Valley, in the southern California region. (The word "unique" is strictly ruled out from the vocabulary of The Carmelite, except in this case, in which Dr. Aronovici assures us it applies.) Here a young community, set like a jewel in a place of superb beauty, is planning in ideal terms a community of fundamental satisfactions, from an idyllic landscape of vast scale, to a modern school for the children and provision for the great concerts out of doors of the finest music.

Mr. and Mrs. Drew Chidester of San Francisco are two additions to the group of residents of Carmel, and are offered the glad hand. They recently bought a cottage on Carmelo, to which they intended to run down from town over week-ends. Such are the charms of the scene, however, that the balance is reversed. San Francisco for a day or two of the week,—Carmel all the rest of the time.

The George Blackmans, on the other hand, flee the summer urbanites of Carmel, further and further back into the remote fastnesses of the Big Sur. There on a mountain top they hide, with even the sea too distant for sound; their guests, the curious deer. No telephones, no mail, no radio,—none, in short, of those modern "improvements" which constitute the mess of pottage civilization has sold for its birthright.

On Sunday afternoon an informal audience gathered to listen to piano music, at the studio of Henriette Michelson. Miss Michelson hails from New York and the faculty of the Institute of Musical Art. With her are several pupils from the east. One of them, Bernard Wieser, was heard on this afternoon in a group which included the brilliant Schumann Novelette

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in F-major. He is a student of which a teacher may well be proud.

Miss Michelson played Brahms, and the Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue of Bach, in an interpretation which inspired respect.

CARMEL IN SUMMER

"The summer jungle teems with lions"
—The Carmelite.

They scarcely linger at dumb Del Monte,
They shun Salinas, flee Monterey;
As pilgrims out of a quattrocento conte
Here is the place they come to stay.
Other places have terrible tourists,
Loathsome trippers, paying pests.
Painters, Editors, Stylists, Purists,—
Carmel honours distinguished guests.

Think of the urges that motive vacations:
A coat of tan or a fill of booze
Or the crudest of carnal titillations,
Witness the shambles at Santa Cruz . . .
Long may the hoi-polli escape us!
We invite more disciplined zests;
Grandeers of culture come to shape us,
Carmel honours distinguished guests.

The best translator of Russian ballads
Into the argot of South Arkansaw,
Eminent expert on raw food salads,
The man who lunched with Bernard Shaw,
The Count who plays on the balalaika
All of the late czar's "special requests,"
A sculptor who excels—in mica,—
Carmel honours distinguished guests.

Conquistadores of art or ions
Linger here as they speed their quests.
"The summer jungle teems with lions"
Carmel honours distinguished guests.

—Hugo Seelig.

AT LA RIBERA

Mr. A. G. Wood, who assumed management of La Ribera Hotel upon the departure of Mrs John Ball, brings to his task the experience in hotel operation gained from a lengthy connection with the Canadian Pacific system, and more recently the San Carlos in Monterey.

Various innovations have been introduced at La Ribera by Mr. Wood; among others a luncheon and dinner service in the patio for guests who prefer an outdoor setting. The dining room, which during the period of adjustment was in other hands, is again under direct control of the hotel.

MORE FIGGERS

From the monthly report of the City Clerk:

General Funds on hand, August first 1929:	
Balance	\$18,390.95
Bills	3,867.99
Balance, August seventh:	\$14,522.96

A HAPPY PRODUCTION

Now at last we know,—those of us who haven't shared the affection of old-timers in Carmel for their Forest Theater,—now we know the delight and the charm of it.

"Pinocchio" the children's play last Friday and Saturday evenings at the Forest Theater was unalloyed delight.

Blanche Tolmie, directing the children's production, had beautifully kept the feeling of lightness and joy all through the preparations of rehearsal and management. There was no demarcation between back stage and footlights in this. There was no pretense at joy. It bubbled and frothed over the edges of the stage setting. The excitement of the youngsters back stage was not the high-pitched exhilaration of exhibitionism. It was something simpler and more wholesome.

It was good acting, too. Better than grown-ups'. Pinocchio was not just Carl Brennfleck playing a part. He was Pinocchio. Every cell and fibre of him. The fairies were really fairies,—not just little children pretending to be. And the Blue Fairy shone real magic. The play, in short, had the shimmer and the whimsically of "A Midsummer Night's Dream." The forest itself was the setting. No painted cardboard trees. From behind a sifly-lighted clump came forth the thin tones of violins,—the lilts of the dance composed by Frances Montgomery in the spirit of the occasion. The costumes showed the same insouciant invention. All was on tiptoe. Nobody took anything too seriously. No anxieties intruded. The play was play.

The following horde sang, danced, and provided the rich and spirited cast:

Pinocchio	Carl Brennfleck
Mr. Cherry	Henry Albee
Gepetto	Kevin Wallace
Cricket	Dorothy Woodward
Fox	Martha Millis
Cat	Billie Veatch
Blackbird	Max Hagemeyer
Parrot	Judy Woodward
Harlequin	Hobart Levinson
Punchinello	Bobbie Froli
Director	Bernard Watson
Rosa	Gail Johnson
A peasant	Virginia Lee Free
A peddler	Homer Levinson
Drummer	Freer Gottfried
Fife player	Earl Dorrance
Tunny fish	Gordon Darling
Blue Fairy	Patricia Murphy
Guards	Hugh Smith and Billie Froli

Peasants — Dancers — Fairies

Betty Jean Peck	Shirley Ingram	Lois Striker
Virginia Lee Free	Mary Jane Millis	Betty Rae Sutton
Alice Meckenstock	Janet Sayers	Marie De Amaral
Caroleen Murphy	Katherine Littlefield	Vera Ann Millis
Jean Pomeroy	Dorothy Catherine Smith	Mary Jane Dawson
Joyce Whitcomb	Gail Johnson	Catherine Quinn
Avelline Quinn	Georgina Chalmers	Katherine Chalmers
Wallace Max Striker	Bebsy Leidig	Judy Woodward
Dorothy Ruth Smith	Ruth Whiffin	Dorothea Dawson
Billie Darling	George Brennfleck	Patty Coblentz
Margaret Dorrance	Mary Jane Magruder	

HANDS OF MUSICIANS

It is a superb thing, the hand of a pianist.

More than the eye, more than the contortations and the play of the face, it tells its mastery and power.

In the hands of Balaban, of Buhlig, of Harold Griffin, we recognize the function of more than prehension. It is the tactile sense transcending itself,—the potent knowledge of the god.

THE DIET OF CRITICS SHOULD BE WELL WATCHED

Lightly and confidently the literary critic evaluates the volume which has taken a lifetime, damns it or approves; and the book sells accordingly.

To a similar degree the fortunes of musicians depend upon the gastric health of their critics, or their particular and personal flair.

Do not take us too seriously!

(Voice from the audience of Dear Readers: "Cheer up darling. We don't!")

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ATTORNEY CAMPBELL TAKES UP THE MATTER OF THE JAIL

The following letter has been written by Argyll Campbell, Deputy District Attorney of Monterey County, to the county supervisors, who now have seriously under consideration the matter of a new detention home for children brought under the jurisdiction of the courts for any reason, and also of a new county jail. Whether to build another Bastille in general type like the present jail in Salinas, or whether to build on the principle of the county farm, in which there is respect for the decency of the body and of the human spirit, and an attempt to rebuild the man,—these are questions now agitating the minds of our supervisors.

"I have a little data," writes Mr. Campbell to the supervisors, "which I have been able to obtain regarding prison farms and county jails, and I am enclosing same for your information."

"The more thought I have given to this matter the more firmly I am convinced that the present system of keeping prisoners cooped up in idleness in county jails is a dead loss both to the county and to the individuals concerned. I do not believe in coddling prisoners or in attempting to make a country club out of the county jail; but I do believe that keeping prisoners occupied and out in the air and sunshine will bring dividends both to them and to the county itself. Most of the inmates in the county jails are petty offenders, and under the present system it is inevitable that they become schooled in crime by their association in idleness with the minority of hardened offenders with whom they are thrown in contact. The board of supervisors would do a most wonderful work toward the rehabilitation of these minor offenders by instituting a prison farm near Salinas instead of adding to the old jail."

Mr. Campbell advocates the policies put forth by the National Committee on Prisons and as follows:

ABOLISH THE COUNTY JAIL ESTABLISH FARMS UNDER STATE CONTROL

Conspicuous among the many evils of the county jail system are:

No classification:

Innocent persons, witnesses and persons awaiting trial, are confined with sentenced prisoners.

Lack of medical care:

Spread of disease as a consequence.

Idleness:

Increase in criminal tendencies
Untrained for work on release

Discharge without supervision:

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New crimes and return to jail

Waste:

Heavy cost to tax-payers without lessening of crime

The advantages of county farms for offenders are.

Classification:

Sentenced prisoners no longer imprisoned with innocent persons

Proper medical care:

Control of disease and protection of public

Work:

Training for support on release

Production of commodities used while serving sentences

Supervised parole:

Adjustment of ex-prisoners preventing new crimes

Economy:

Reduction of cost

Mr. Campbell draws attention to the annual report of the Committee on Prisons for 1928, in which it is pointed out that "no accepted standards for prison construction have been developed, and the need for scientific research on which to base such standards is imperative. The buildings which are being erected today to meet the requirements of an increasing prison population, reflect the ideas of local administrators and architects, and in certain instances are no more suitable than the buildings they displace."

The National Committee on Prisons is drawing together men with wide experience on this and kindred subjects, including prison administrators, physicians, psychiatrists, educators, and architects, to develop standards for the construction of prisons and correctional institutions for the various types of prisoners. This will make it unnecessary for county supervisors to "blunder through" as in the old days. "The iniquities and absurdities of the county jail system have been argued by penologists and criminologists," further states the National Committee on Prisons, "for the last hundred years . . . But an adequate program will never be carried into effect until the citizens generally are convinced that it is necessary. This will never happen until the citizens of a community visit the jails in large numbers and learn the conditions at first hand . . . The State Federations of Women's Clubs have been encouraged to undertake surveys of jails and already have two completed,—Ohio and Michigan."

The women who have made these surveys are convinced that a change must come and are leading the campaign for industrial farm colonies to supercede the jails.

The National Committee on Prisons and Prison Labor is assisting by making available the facts in regard to the industrial farms already established. A next necessary step is that groups shall arise in every state and county to change over the old jail system to the industrial farm

colonies. Such work is already well under way in Pennsylvania and Virginia, but California lags behind.

(The following occurrence in California, is indicative of the sort of thing which happens in our prisons:

A prisoner in San Quentin, state penitentiary of California, had a slight difficulty with his foot, a minor ailment.

He asked for medical attention.

It was refused.

The foot became worse.

After long delay,—weeks,—in which his petitions were completely ignored,—the prison doctor treated the foot.

But he had not taken the trouble to clean his instruments.

The prisoner was totally at the mercy of the situation and his jailers. A few months later the leg had to be amputated.)

SANCTUARY

There is much talk about the new city. City planners and civic workers are fired with the prospect of building bigger and more efficient cities. Cities which will have more and more people and larger and larger bank deposits and greater and greater industries with bigger and bigger payrolls.

This is the ambition of Chambers of Commerce, Merchant's Associations, Rotary Clubs and all other organizations the function of which is to be representative and fired by local patriotism.

In the effort to achieve the big and the rich and the efficient we completely overlook the spiritual, the cultural values of community life, unless they can serve to advertise our community morals, and the man whose ambitions are neither big business, nor organized efficiency, is a stranger in his own community. He is looked upon "as an enemy of the people" if he fails to join in the common exuberance which keeps a commonplace community both prosperous and common.

Will the time ever come when we shall give the human being a place in society, in our cities where they will be protected against the exploitation and uncouthness of modern civilization? We have sanctuaries for birds. Can we not create sanctuaries for human beings whose only demand upon the community is peace and a certain exemption from the intrusions of the vulgarities of urbanism.

Sixty-seven per cent of the people of the United States occupy about one hundredth of one per cent of the area of the United States. There is ample room in this country for humanizing our communities and plenty of reason for doing so.

—Carol Aronovici

"HE"

Andreyev's strange play, "He Who Gets Slapped," is a piece of irony. The players are drawn in caricature. They are abstractions, not people.

For this reason they must be played by players of high sophistication,—which includes more than the ability to smoke a cigarette with nonchalance.

This play was undertaken last week as a performance by our friends of the Abalone League. With the exception of Cyril Delevanti, who played "He" with a delightful savoir faire, and in its true role of satire,—the play, to tell the truth, rather overtaxed the imaginations of the cast. We suspected them almost utterly unaware of the implications and the symbolism of the play.

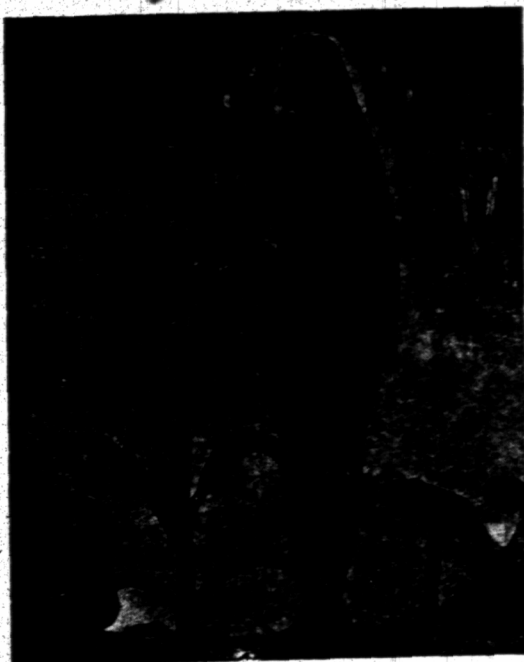
But who asks us to tell the truth? What we are asked for is "constructive criticism"—that brand of good cheer which goes so well in the Kindergarten, and in the Chamber of Commerce, and which tempts unwary feet to the box office; that criticism which sees the amateur actor safely through the teething period, and lightly ignores the fact that he is inveigling the world into suffering his pains with him.

We therefore say nothing of the setting, of the Lion Tamer, or of the father of the beautiful dancing girl. We again offer our compliments to Elizabeth Sampson, whose vivid temperament finds room for unhampered play in parts of vitality and is able to forget herself in her role.

We believe that if the play had been played at a more rapid tempo, its weak spots would have been less evident. The thing seemed never to hang together; it fell apart,—nay it crumbled apart into meaninglessness. Only Delevanti brought to it that objectivity which is essential to its abstractness.

Nevertheless, it was a courageous attempt. Not all who seek to swim can flourish in deep water at the first plunge.

—P. G. S.



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FALL TERM BEGINS SEPTEMBER 3

THE CARMELITE

CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA
CALIFORNIA

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Editorial . . .

WE AWAKE FROM SLUMBER

The Kirchwey dinner bears its fruits. It was no mere pleasantly stimulating evening. There has been active response to the need it made evident in our own county; and a growing purposiveness in those citizens awake to our own civic obligations.

These purposes now crystallize themselves as follows:

1. The achievement of a juvenile detention home administered in accord with modern principles.

(The board of Supervisors are allowing for a detention home in their budget.)

2. The achievement of a county farm to take the place of the present barbarous county jail in which children and adults, those awaiting trial and hardened offenders, are in darkness and filth.

3. Organization of local civic and other bodies for the purpose of studying social service needs of the county and making possible a competent impartial professional study of such needs, upon the recommendations of which adequate provisions can be made to solve the social problems raised by Delinquents, Defectives, and Dependents.

THE COUNCIL INVITES SUGGESTIONS

The council has a city hall in mind.

Where it is to be it invites the citizenry to help it decide.

Arthur Shand offers a lot just below Mountain View, at Ocean. Mrs. Lotta Shipley offers another. Perry Newberry suggests that the city acquire, by the economical method of condemnation, a narrow strip on either side of Ocean, just above Mountain View. A strip from the property of Johan Hagemeyer's studio, and one across the street from the stables. A two hundred-foot length would make possible a widening of Ocean Avenue, in the middle of which a little island could be placed, graced by the City Hall.

It is always a pleasure to disagree with Perry, but never more than in this instance, in which his idea seems to us more than unusually quaint.

An administrative building for the city of Carmel-by-the-Sea, set monumentally in the midst of the paved highway! We can see Mayor Bonham ducking the downhill traffic, on his way to sign an important document. And City Clerk Miss van Brower, scuttling to safety before the onslaught of the up-hill stream. There would have to be a noticeable acceleration of Judge Fraser's wonted pace. And even so, we can imagine the mortality in city councilmen and judges rather high.

But to be frank, what we would really like to see, when at some distant time a City Hall really seems the most important "improvement" to undertake next,—is a simple and unmonumental little structure half hidden under trees. Neither grandeur nor impressiveness is needed.

We are a quiet and unpretentious little town. And unpretending may we remain while the trees are with us, and the scent of the earth underfoot.

HOSPITAL FACILITIES

Grave accidents in Carmel this summer, an appalling number. A running-board collision, a car over the edge of the highway, a gunshot.

The ambulance hastens to the scene.

Where to take the boy as he bleeds?

To the Monterey Peninsula Hospital, unfortunate but necessary. For in our own beautiful and suitable little Carmel Hospital, the needed X-ray facilities are lacking.

Compare the two, for morale and as places for bodily renewal. The reek of one, the wholesome sweetness of the other.

Only that lack of an X-ray prevents us

THE CARMELITE, August 14, 1929

from use for surgical cases of this excellent little institution of ours. Next year, funds will be available to the Carmel Hospital from the Grace Velie Harris bequest. Then necessary equipment will be installed, and our sons, brothers, sisters, stretcher-born to the peace of this sun-wholesome hospice in the forest.

Correspondence

THE ARCHITECT

To the Editor
of The Carmelite:

I read Anton Gud's fable (should I say poem?) "Architect," with profound discouragement. Although we architects are accustomed to an insufficiency of jobs to go around, hope has still always been possible. But when flatly told that there aren't going to be any more jobs, it is plain that the architect's occupation's gone.

On second reading, however, Mr. Gud's position appears vulnerable. Part of his difficulty was surely psychological; nothing fruitful is to be expected of the banal passion merely to be lord over something. He also seem naively gullible; he appears to have swallowed anything a perfectly strange girl told him, just because she was "youthfully beautiful." (Incidentally, one wonders if the rather heroic expedient of demolishing the new house really put him in better grace with her). But speaking as an architect, I see no evidence that he proceeded on competent architectural advice, which I consider ample justification for failure. And I am still looking forward to that Architectural Number of the Carmelite to show him the folly of building, today, merely "gigantic houses" and "castles."

Very truly yours,

Irving F. Morrow

TO A YOUNG LOVER

You are like a young colt
which for a while stayed cropping obedient in the paddock,
softly nuzzling the short grass.
Then suddenly,
flung his head high,
listened,
stood,
leaped the bars;
came straightway in a fine free stride,
lifting sensitive nostrils.

—seven

THE PEOPLE AWAIT THE ANSWER

It still seems necessary to hold mass meetings send delegations to the governor, write editorials, and agitate the masses, in order to provide Governor Young of the State of California a proof of the arousal of enlightened public sentiment in the matter of the Mooney case.

The Mooney mass meeting which was held in Los Angeles last Friday was attended by five thousand people, and should give the governor ample testimony of a growing interest in the case.

Superior Judge Franklin A. Griffin, who convicted Mooney, and Fremont Older, editor of the San Francisco "Call," presented the facts and evidence of Mooney's innocence, and expressed their confidence in Governor Young and his sense of fair play.

Tom Mooney is a radical. His philosophy is at variance with the tenets of the capitalist and public service corporation. He has dared to face society with a sense of rebellion. Mooney's force of leadership and his skill as an organizer have set him up in the eyes of organized society as "unsafe."

Governors Stephens and Richardson feared to touch the case. There were too many active anti-labor organizations opposed to Mooney regardless of the injustice of the conviction. Governor Young has shown a broader point of view and a willingness to review the entire case.

A carefully prepared brief containing transcripts of the testimony given at the trial and proof of Mooney's evidence has been before the governor for several months. Many prominent citizens whose sense of justice has been aroused by the facts in the case have interviewed the Governor.

Mooney has been in prison for thirteen years. His application for a pardon was countered by an offer of a parole which implies an admission of guilt. Mooney has refused to be released unless he is granted a full pardon with the implication that he is innocent, since the machinery of justice as at present organized cannot review the case but must depend upon the action of the governor. Shall we continue to keep a man in prison for many more years without at least giving him the satisfaction of an answer in the affirmative or even in the negative from the court of last resort as to whether this court of last resort considers him guilty or innocent?

Setting aside this obligation to the prisoner on the part of the Governor, the case has assumed a new aspect. Public sentiment has been aroused. The Mooney case is fast becoming a public issue, and the Governor of California must at an early date give his answer as to the guilt or innocence of Mooney according to the facts.

—C. A.

ASCENT TO THE SIERRAS

Beyond the great valley an odd instinctive rising
Begins to possess the ground, the flatness gathers to little
humps and barrows, low aimless ridges,
A sudden violence of rock crowns them. The crowded
orchards end, they have come to a stone knife;
The farms are finished; the sudden foot of the sierra. Hill
over hill, snow-ridge beyond mountain gather
The blue air of their height about them.

Here at the foot of the pass
The fierce clans of the mountains you'd think for thousands
of years,
Men with harsh mouths and eyes like the eagle's hunger,
Have gathered among these rocks at the dead hour
Of the morning star and the stars waning
To raid the plain and at moonrise returning driven
Their scared booty to the highlands, the tossing horns
And glazed eyes in the light of torches. The men have looked back
Standing above these rock-heads to bark laughter
At the burning granaries and the farms and the town
That sow the dark flat and with terrible rubies . . .
lighting the dead . . .
It is not true, from this land
The curse was lifted; the highlands have kept peace with the
valleys; no blood in the sod; there is no sword
Keeping grim rust, no primal sorrow. The people are all
one people, their homes never knew harrying;
The tribes before them were acorn-eaters, harmless as deer. O
fortunate earth; you must find someone
of the future, against the wolf in men's hearts?

—Robinson Jeffers

FULFILLMENT

Not from spun chrome of tinctures drawn
From sunset water, nor from light which limns
All the wild islands springing from the dawn,
Their cloud peaks chanting luciferian hymns
To greet the sea god, nor from trceries
Of wind on water by the subtle spray lent
Arcane forms of subterranean seas,
Would I have god of ocean spin his mortal raiment—
But of his beaches let him take one acre
Of common shells, and from their dyes and stains
And pearly iris of the inner veins
Leave the mud flats niveous with nacre.
So man from cyclic dregs and carnal sheaves
Which crust the heart, his Robe of Glory weaves.

—Hugo Seelig



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JOURNEY SOUTHWARD

(Ellen Janson Browne, poet and novelist, writes of her recent sea-journey from California to London.)

We are in Central America, in Acajutla, most primitive of all the ports, anchored in a mirror-still burning-blue sea.

Although it is Sunday, the ship is surrounded with lighters filled with sacks of coffee-beans and gesticulating natives dressed only in trunks, vividly colored under the dirt.

In Acajutla the sole sign of civilization is the Factor's house, surrounded by screen-porches and palms. Otherwise there are only natives' huts . . . frames of bamboo, thatched with palm-leaves. The lives are swarmlike. In a single space they live, sleep, eat,—pigs and people lying together on the rags of the earth floor.

The Captain gave us Easter presents,—a pair of little green parakeets, and a carved ivory necklace like a chain of little white flowers.

■ ■

We left Acajutla late at night, and since then have been going south on unbroken seas. Even far out at sea, it is very hot, and impossible to sleep soundly.

There are no wharves in these ports. We anchor out in the bay, and go ashore in a motor boat. And as the pier is about fifty feet above the water we were hoisted up on deck one by one in a chair on a derrick, as if we were sacks of coffee.

■ ■

We went with the captain to La Uneon, which is slightly inland. We rode for about fifteen minutes on a funny little Toonerville train filled with natives who stared at me with frankest amazement. The Captain wanted to "show us off" to the Commandante, so we were all dressed up.

The streets of the little town are very narrow, paved brokenly and often beautifully with colored stones; the houses built closely on either side, but opening through barred doors into courtyards full of tangled vines and flowers and rubbish. Exquisite sun-mellowed tints on the houses; incredible dirt; the buzzards, sinister and quiet, sitting on the roofs and waiting; women, dressed in single slips of

cerise, violet, green, rose, walking with a lovely swing of the hips, their baskets and jars carried on their head; soft eyes and rippling speech; naked brown babies everywhere. There is a market-place, where they sit on the ground in crowds, selling bowls of food (with the flies all over it) and scraps of bright cloth, and wine, and earrings, and earthen dishes. The children run over everything; the sun blazes down; the parrots scream; everywhere is noise and laughter and jangling color.

The insides of the house are very dark for the sake of coolness; and in contrast the courtyards seem burning white with sun and flowers. From the little Catholic church a brown man beats a bell rhythmically with an iron stick, accelerating the beats until it is an exciting clamor, then letting them die away more slowly.

In La Libertad, which is more civilized than La Uneon, and therefore not quite so strange and beautiful, though cleaner, we sat in the tropical garden of the Hotel Miami and sip cocktails, and watched the people come and go under the palms. A native orchestra played dance music that puts American jazz to shame. It is even more what they call "hot," full of barbaric rhythms. In spite of the heat one feels like dancing and snapping one's fingers and throwing flowers and laughing. All of which the people do.

■ ■

The sea . . . the sea. Nothing but the sea. Not even a cloud in the sky, that changes only in intensity of color as the day passes. We move steadily on, through endless stretches of blue color and light.

■ ■

We arrived at the canal in the early evening, and had to go through that night. Slowly and solemnly the ship passed up the canal . . . It is full of a dream-like beauty at night,—the chains of light on the locks, the lapping water, the dark quiet hills covered with jungle. The warm intense perfume in the air.

At dawn we came into Gatun Lake, and a fine silver rain came down for a while, to disappear at sunrise into another burning-blue day.

—Ellen Janson Browne

THE HIGHER "I" WITH A PINCH OF SALT

(A year ago in Carmel Mr. A. E. Orage was lecturing here. A pupil and friend of Gurdieff, of the Gurdieff Institute in Fontainebleau, he addressed eager audiences concerning the nature of reality and more ultimate awareness of it. His lectures inspired both respect and satire.

The latter response is that of Henriette Michelson, author of the following article, who spent fifteen months as a student at the Gurdieff Institute.—Ed.)

The world is composed of idiots and one conscious being. There is a great variety of idiots, but there is only one conscious being. There can be only one conscious being on this earth at any one time; for a being of this kind takes away too many of the higher forms of energy, which are necessary for the maintenance of life on this planet.

The idiots may be divided into many classes.

There are ordinary idiots, candidate idiots, and arch-idiots.

Man at one time was a Son of God, possibly on the sunken planet of Atlantis. With the sinking of Atlantis, however, Paradise was drowned. One thing only was saved in this catastrophe,—the potentiality of man to regain his sonship with God.

But conditions on the planet Earth make this rebirth an almost hopeless task. The earth has too many satellites feeding upon it. The Moon is dependent for its existence upon the higher energies of Earth in order to maintain its place in its orbit. These higher energies are the same energies which man needs for his higher development.

So it is a constant struggle between Man and the Moon.

If the Moon is our enemy the Sun, however, is ready to lend us a helping hand. But much work has to be done before Man becomes aware of the desperate situation he is in.

Meantime the normal sex instincts in man are obsolete. The food man eats is either canned or unripe. The air he breathes is gradually being deprived of its life-giving elements. The seed from which he originally grew into the Son of God has by this time entirely disappeared or requires a Herculean power to bring it back to life.

How can this be done?

Observe yourself.

Become aware of yourself.

Your only chance of freeing yourself from the past which conditions you is thus to become your own object.

And having thus become objectively aware, freed from Sun, Moon, parents, and civilization, you are ready to serve your master,—the one conscious being at this present moment inhabiting the universe.

—Henriette Michelson

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SKY-GIRL AND THE GENIUS

on their way to earth from an astral plane.

From the play at Blanding Sloan's puppet theater in San Francisco.

MELANCOLIE ET CYGNES

—Giorgio Balloli

Sous les branches qu'hiver dénuée
la sombre harpiste du bocage
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l'insatisfaction du rivage.

L'instrument que tourmentent
ces délicates phanges
semble une barrière étrange
entre deux mains aimantes.

L'eau qui reçoit toute image
et qui accepte tout débris,
l'eau qui permet tout brevage
rejette la triste harmonie;
mais elle s'accroche au blême
plumage musical des cygnes
d'une errante troupe bénigne
qui la rendront à l'extrême.

Books . . .

THE ECONOMICS OF THE FUTURE

What about the Year 2000? An Economic Summary. Published Under the Direction of the Joint Committee on the Basis of Land Policy, Fred-eric A. Delano, Chairman. 1929.

This summary which was prepared by a committee of experts under the leadership of Mr. Delano, lays no claim to originality of research or any particular doctrinaire point of view, economic or social. It is, however, a very valuable compendium of facts dealing with existing land policies and land uses in this country at the present time. In so far as the facts are projected into the future the year 2000 is given as the objective, and 200,000,000 as the number of people who will have to be provided for at the end of the century.

Anyone desiring to secure accurate data as to our present land resources and our policies of conservation and waste will find this book of great value.

If we assume the demands of modern society to remain the same at the end of the century as they are today, and if we are willing to take the attitude that our creative genius will not change materially during the next two generations, the evidence presented in this book still leaves us confident that we shall be able to maintain a reasonably high standard of living and a state of civilization not inferior to that we have today.

There is little in this book that even suggests a new social order. There are some timid ventures into the realm of reform which however do not project themselves beyond their own shadow.

The chapter on The Progress of Planning is in keeping with modern thinking, but it lacks that perspective and imaginative content which might be suggested by the most casual consideration of the failure of modern urbanism.

HALF A LOAF

The English are preparing a law to forbid Africans from owning land in South Africa. You thought we were pretty bad when we tried to keep the Japanese off the land in California.

We are not so bad, we Americans. We might have passed a law against the Japanese owning land in Japan.

And why not?

It should be unlawful for Americans to own land in America, for anybody to own land anywhere. The trouble with us white folk is that we are always content to take half a loaf.

—Lincoln Steffens

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To A Child

Creek Pool

Half hid by rocks, your legs folded under you,
Your hands spread on your knees,
Crouched on a blue rock in your blue coveralls,
Still as the rock;
You squat like some rock god of this pool,
Mediating, immobile staring into the pool:
A sun-basking frog, with hinged knees,
Crouched, ready to jump back into your pool.
Turned into a carved rock frog . . .

Do you look at your own face in the pool,
Or see buried towers of cities; or clouds?
Or only reflections of stones?
The banks of the creek are gray, both sides,
With stones the water has washed bare;
Between the stones lie their blue shadows.
Are you a stone, or a shadow; or the still pool?

—Helen Hoyt

"CREATED FOR CHILDREN BY CHILDREN"

The reason why Eugene Field's epic poem "Little Boy Blue" has such an appeal is not entirely because it immortalizes the poignant loss of a child, but is partly because it immortalizes the favorite playthings of children, the toy soldier. Every parent loves the little, worn toys that children have tousled until they look as if they were part of the child. Few toys, when new, have that priceless child-like look.

In Europe, near the Waldorf School at Stuttgart, Germany, a new idea in toys is being brought to the fore. An idea, which is destined, educators believe, to revolutionize the playthings and playrooms of the modern child. Toys are being designed by children for children. There is a definite reason why children prefer the old, tousled toys to the new stiff ones. It is because the old toy has become part of the child. Few new toys have this naive look. It is because they have just left the hands of adult manufacturers.

In Carmel, at the Pinafore Play House, Lucille Kiester is showing the Waldorf Toys, "created for children by children." Playthings created by children in the Waldorf schools all over Europe are being manufactured in a co-operative factory by adults whose chief concern is to preserve to their machine-made toys the artisanship and childish fancies lent the originals by their schoolboy creators. Every crudeness of form, every naive, childlike idea is represented in the Waldorf Toys. For example, a rider, who falls off when the horse is rocked. This embodiment of a child's humor, inspired perhaps by the multitudinous misfortunes of the Prince of Wales, this adorable

plaything, is the invention of a little school-boy.

The exhibition of these toys at Lucille Kiester's shop has attracted wide attention. The Pinafore Play House has long been one of the most interesting shops in Carmel.

LANDSCAPES BY SILVA

Visitors to the peninsula are reminded of the exhibition of landscapes by William P. Silva to be seen on Saturday afternoons throughout the year in the Carmelita Gallery on San Antonio near Ocean.

True art is the result of the creative impulse tempered by intelligence and learning.

We are acquainted also with a product which is the result of intellectualization, untempered.

There are those who believe that this too, is art.

D. A.

MEN ARE NOT BAD

Men are not bad when they are free. Prison makes them bad, and the money compulsion makes men bad.

If men were free from the terror of earning a living there would be abundance in the world and men would work gaily.

from "Pansies", a volume of verse by D. H. Lawrence, just published.



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